

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXVIII.]

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.]

Hindoo Jugglers.



THE dexterity of the Hindoos, in tumbling, rope-dancing and legerdemain, is so much superior to that of Europeans, that the statements of travellers on the subject were much doubted, until they were brought to exhibit their singular feats in this country.

Nothing is more common in India than to see young girls walking on their heads, with their heels in the air, turning round like a wheel, or walking on the hands and feet with the body bent backwards. Another girl will bend backwards, plunge her head into a hole about eighteen inches deep, full of water and dirt, and bring up between her lips a ring that was buried in the mud. Two women may frequently be seen dancing together on a rope stretched over tressels; the one playing on the *vina* or Hindoo guitar, the other holding two vessels brimfull of water, and capering about without spilling a drop.

A plank is sometimes fixed to the top of a pole twenty-five feet high, which is set upright; a man then climbs up it, springs backward, and seats himself upon the plank. Another mountebank

balances himself by the middle of the body on a bamboo pole, fifteen or eighteen feet high. He first sets it upright, and then climbs up it with his legs and arms, as if it was a firmly rooted tree. On reaching the top, he clings to it with his feet and hands, after fixing the centre of the pole in the middle of his sash, and dances, moving about in all directions to the sound of music, without the pole ever losing its equilibrium. He then descends, takes a boy on his shoulders, climbs up the pole again, and stands on the top on one leg.

Sometimes a boy lies across the extremity of the bamboo and holds himself quite stiff for a considerable time. A man lifts up the pole and the boy in that state, and moves them about in all directions without losing the balance.

A still more extraordinary feat is performed by the Hindoo women. One of them will sometimes balance herself in a horizontal position, with her arms extended like a person swimming, on the top of a bamboo pole ninety feet high, fixed in the ground. In a short time she seems to have lost her balance, and falls, to the no small

F f

VOL. I.

terror of the spectators; but this is only one of her customary movements; she catches by one foot in a rope fastened to a bar which crosses the middle of the pole, and remains suspended with her head downward.

Broughton, mentioning the exhibition of a set of jugglers, tells us, that he was particularly astonished by the feats of a woman, who rested on her head and feet, with her back towards the earth; two swords, with their blades inwards, were crossed upon her chin, and two others, the blades also inwards, under her neck. She then traversed round in a circle with great rapidity: keeping her head always fixed in the centre, and leaping over the points of the swords, whenever her breast chanced to be downward.

A man will balance a sword, having a broad blade, with the point resting on his chin. He will then set a straw upright on his nose or on a small piece of stick, which he holds and keeps moving about with his lips: lastly, he will lay a piece of thin tile on his nose and throw up a small stone, which, falling upon the tile, breaks it in pieces.

The Hindoos balance themselves on the slack rope with uncommon skill, by means of a long stick placed on the end of the nose. Sometimes at the top of this stick is set a large tray, from which walnut shells are suspended by threads. In each of these shells is a stick which reaches to the juggler's upper lip. By the mere motion of his lips he throws up these shells one after another upon the tray without deranging any thing, and continuing to balance himself all the time. During this operation he strings pearls upon a horse-hair by means of his tongue and lips alone, and without any assistance from his hands.

The feats represented in our engraving are three. The first is a juggler playing on the ground with cups and balls. His posture, which seems less favourable for his tricks than that of people of his profession in Europe, is no drawback from his complete success in the deceptions which he practices upon the astonished spectators.

The trick of swallowing a sword two feet long, or rather of thrusting it down the throat into the stomach up to the hilt, as represented in our engraving, has become very familiar in England by the public exhibitions of Ramo Sammee and his companions, natives of India. Before the arrival in Europe of these jugglers, whose speculation is said to have been most profitable, attempts had been made, but unsuccessful-

fully, to induce other professors of the art to come to England for the purpose of exhibition.

The Hindoos are not only extremely dextrous themselves, but they have found means to communicate their dexterity to the very brutes. They train bullocks, or buffalos, for instance, to the performance of a very difficult task. A Hindoo lies down upon the ground on his back, and places on the lower part of his stomach a piece of wood cut in the shape represented in the third figure in our engraving. A buffalo at the command of his master sets first one foot and then the other on this piece of wood, and then his two hinder feet in succession, and balances himself upon it. But this is not all; the master of the buffalo places a second pedestal by the side of the first; the animal steps upon it in like manner, and when he has placed all four feet on this moveable column, he balances himself upon it with wonderful dexterity. Goats are also taught to perform the trick, in which we know not whether most to admire the patience or the docility of the animal.

BELLS AND BELL RINGING.

We have not been able to ascertain precisely the date of the useful invention of bells. The ancients had some sort of bells. We find the word "Tintinnabula," which we usually render bells, in Martial, Juvenal, and Suetonius. The Romans appear to have been summoned by these, of whatever size or form they were, to their hot baths, and to the business of public places. The large kind of bells, now used in churches, are said to have been invented by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in *Campania*, whence the *Campana* of the lower Latinity, about the four hundredth year of the Christian era: 200 years afterwards they appear to have been in general use in churches. The Jews used trumpets for bells. The Turks do not permit the use of them at all: the Greek church under their dominion still follow their old custom of using boards, or iron plates full of holes, which they hold in their hands, and knock with a hammer or mallet, to call the people together to church. China has been remarkably famous for its bells. Father le Comte tells us, that at Pekin there are 7 bells, each of which weighs 120,000 lbs. Baronius informs us, that Pope John XIII. A. D. 969, consecrated a very large new cast bell in the Lateran church, and gave it the name of John. This is the first instance we meet with of what has been since

called "*the baptizing of bells*," a superstition which we find ridiculed in the Romish beehive. The vestiges of this custom may yet be traced in England, in *Great Tom* of Lincoln, and "*the mighty Tom*," at Christ Church, in Oxford.—Egelrick, Abbot of Croyland, about the time of King Edgar, cast a ring of six bells, to all which he gave names, as Bartholomew, Bethhelm, Turketul, &c. The historian tells us his predecessor Turketul had led the way in this fancy.—The custom of rejoicing with bells on high festivals, Christmas-day, &c. is derived to us from the times of Popery. The ringing of bells on the arrival of emperors, bishops, abbots, &c. at places under their own jurisdiction, was also an old custom. Whence we seem to have derived the modern compliment of welcoming persons of consequence by a cheerful peal.—An old bell at Canterbury took 24 men to ring it; and another required even thirty-two. The noblest peal of ten bells, without exception, in England, whether tone or tune be considered, is said to be in St. Margaret's church, Leicester. When a full peal was rung, the ringers were said *pulsare classicum*.

THE TOMB OF THE MURDERER OF THOMAS A BECKET.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR.—As I see in your little miscellany, that you are fond of giving notices of nearly forgotten antiquities and ancient remains, not only of modern but ancient art, I have presumed to send you a brief account of the tomb of Sir William de Tracey, the principal murderer of Thomas à Becket, the imperious and haughty prelate of the reign of Henry the Second.

This tomb, unknown to the world, and hidden in obscurity, is situated in the small parish church of Morthoe, on the Romantic cliffs of the bay of that name in the North of Devonshire.

The inhabitants of that part of the country, which is rugged and mountainous, are a wild and uncultivated people, and the only tradition they have among themselves concerning the tomb, is, that this Tracey was a monstrous giant in his day, and was the lord of all the country round. In the parish, situated near the bay of Mort, is a large valley, which is to this day called Willacombe Tracey, and an immense estate adjoining, denominated Willacombe, or William's Combe, as the word *Combe* is very common in Devonshire, and is a name given to every valley. It is also

to be observed, that instead of William de Tracey, they say the giant's name was Willacombe Tracey. Let the reader refer to Hume's History of England, reign of Henry II., and he will find that William de Tracey was one of the principal murderers of the proud and haughty prelate, Thomas à Becket.

The parish church of Morthoe is very ancient, and the tomb of de Tracey, though it has been very ill-treated, is yet more perfect than might have been expected. There is a thick slab on the top of the vault, surrounded with Saxon letters, nearly all illegible from their being chipped and broken off. A full-length figure of de Tracey himself is engraved on the slab, cut in as if with a chisel, representing him in robes, and holding a cup or chalice in his hands. All around the vault, are various pieces of sculpture, such as nuns, the crucifixion, &c. together with his arms. A farmer in that part of the country informed me, that about fifty years ago, the curate of the parish and a gentleman who had come down there from London, opened the tomb secretly, and took away the skull and principal bones of the body, some of which were very large. He also intimated that the armour, shield, and sword of de Tracey were purloined at the same time. On my inquiry as to whether the clergyman was yet alive, he said that he had been dead many years, and no one knew who the other man was, he came and went so secretly. I reviewed the tomb, and sighed over the remains of one who had freed his country from a tyrant. The country around is very mountainous and romantic. There are three monasteries in the neighbourhood, all of which are said to have been built by de Tracey to expiate his crime. Perhaps one of your readers, by referring to the ancient Chronicles of Holinshed, Stowe, &c. can give you extracts from them as to Tracey, and the other murderers of Becket. It is believed that King Henry himself was in the secret, and prompted Tracey to do the deed, giving him all the North of Devon for his services. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A TRAVELLER.

Barnstaple, April 24.

MEDICAL QUACKERY.

(Continued from page 424.)

I once had a strong inclination to obtain a degree, and become a *physician accoucheur*; but I found there were so many of this profession continually starting into practice, that I took a se-

cond thought upon the subject, and second thoughts are said to be sometimes the best; in this instance I think I may congratulate myself that I did so, for I am convinced there must be a scarcity of patients, as I understand the walls of the metropolis are placarded with bills, stating that "*midwifery cases are attended at half-a-guinea each, at ———.*" What is the reason of this? Has the new Marriage Act frightened so many of the cooing pairs from entering into the bands of hymen? or is quackery invading this branch of practice? For my own part I think there are so many *illegitimate* cases, in consequence of the legal difficulties which the legislature has thrown in the way of marriage; and as they are cases which do not seek the light, some speculator considers he may make a good thing of it by letting the young ladies know where they may be rid of their burthen, and no questions asked: possibly the advertiser will take care the burthen *never troubles* the patient *any more*, for a double fee! In the present uncertain state of the law on marriage, if I was to enter on this line of practice, I think I should be more often obliged to find my way through the bye roads of Lucina than to travel on her turnpike. These private jobs pay well no doubt, as Colman has amply shown in his laughable tale of the "*Elder Brother*;" and if the line of the profession which, as you'll see in the sequel, I intend to adopt, does not answer, why I think I'll e'en get classed with the *old mother midnights* and *physician accoucheurs*. Curiosity induced me to set some inquiries on foot respecting the emoluments and practice of the persons who *profess* to rid the body of those parasitical insects, which "*grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength*"—a set of men more commonly termed *worm doctors*, for I thought probably a *respectable* line of practice of this description might be struck out. My agent traced out the persons who prepare the *entrails of fowls*, &c. to imitate the *tape worm*, and also found that a little fish called the bleak, common to the Thames, is in the early part of summer troubled with a white worm of from a quarter to half an inch in width, and half to three quarters of a yard long, when so tormented the fish keeps at the top of the water, is called a "*mad bleak*," therefore becomes an easy prize to the fishermen's boys, who gain a number of pence during the season by selling them for the purpose, as I am informed,

of being exhibited as *baits* to catch the ignorant, who if they consult some of these *self-created doctors*, are persuaded that they are *devoured alive* with worms, and swallow medicine in such quantity, and of such a deleterious nature, that too often the constitution sinks under it. The person I employed certainly did his duty, and was determined to probe this matter fully, he therefore endeavoured to ascertain upon what terms the *chilling merchants* and fishermen's boys would supply the *needful decoys*, to place in bottles; but his efforts were useless, as they declared they were *all under contract* to supply *none* but those now in *practice*.

Amongst other advice one of my relatives recommended that I should become a water doctor, urging that the profit was immense which I should derive, beside fees, from the decanters, &c. in which the *valuable fluid* of my patients was contained, when sent for inspection, and which (*i. e.*) the bottles, are never returned, he quoted the line on the pump-room, at Bath, **APIETON MEN TAOP**—(*water of elements the best*); and attempted to prove that it was the only sure method to judge of diseases; I heard him *patiently*, and cut his sober reasoning very short, by asking him if he had never heard the *free* translation of his Greek motto, which was written on the Pump-room door, the morning after the learned quotation appeared—which however I shall not quote, but if it should be suspected to be indelicate, I refer the reader to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. This rather provoked the laughter of my relation, and I completely emancipated myself from the fear of becoming what the vulgar call a *water caster*, by relating these following anecdotes to him, for so great was my dependance on my kinsman in regard to pecuniary affairs, that if he had insisted upon it, I suppose I must have been not only a *water caster*, but a *water taster* sooner than offend him: *necessitas non habet legem* would I suppose have been my motto, like that of the man who gains 500*l.* per ann. by *tasting the Greenland oils*.

A country gentleman whose wife was a long suffering patient of the village apothecary, finding she derived no benefit from his medical friend's skill, resolved, unknown to him, to take the advice of an advertising *water doctor*; accordingly he came to town accom-

panied by his spouse, in order that the doctor might not only have the *criterion* on which his judgment was to be given as *fresh* as possible, but also that he might see the patient. They arrived at the doctor's house on the appointed day, for he was only to be seen two days in a week, and were introduced into a waiting room, where they found several female *patients* before them, who spoke highly of the doctor's skill; one of these endeavoured to extract from the gentleman's wife the nature of her complaint, &c. and her turn being arrived she was admitted into the consulting-room, to acquaint her *confederate* no doubt with all she had learned; the other *patients*, with great *politeness*, resigned their turns to the country lady and her husband, whilst they, I presume, remained as decoys for the next dupe: judge the surprise of all parties when, under the disguise of wig, &c. the country gentleman recognised his old friend the village apothecary—and the poor discomfited apothecary, who thought his nod or shrug was considered in his own neighbourhood as the fiat of fate, discovered he was not believed to be so oracular as he had supposed. Exposure followed, and the apothecary not only lost his country practice, but that of a water doctor also, and is now probably trying some other *trick*. I am not acquainted whether he is the same man who professed to sell *elephant's milk*, as a specific for some diseases, but the name he assumed was similar.

A man calling himself a water doctor settled in the west of England, and being a cunning sort of fellow, entered into a compact with a chemist in a neighbouring town to allow him a percentage on all medicines which he prescribed, and the chemist was to puff him as much as possible. Some farmers having met together, and the doctor's name being introduced, one of them offered a wager of a dinner, that the doctor was so ignorant of the nature of diseases, by the method he professed, that he would not know the difference between the urine of a horse and a human subject; the bet was accepted, and the farmer was to try the experiment: the chemist being one of the company, slyly withdrew, and sent notice to his friend the doctor of the intended trick. The farmer arrived, told his tale, presented the water, paid his guinea, and received a Latin prescription; he chuckled with delight to think how he should establish his own reputation for

sagacity, and expose the doctor:—but when the prescription was translated by the chemist, it proved to be—“*Take outs quarter of a peck, split beans a quart, mix, let the patient take this the first thing in the morning, repeat the dose at noon and night, washing down each dose with half a pailful of good sweet water,*” the laugh turned against the farmer, who was thus expensively taught how to feed his horse, and the story being widely circulated, the reputation of the doctor was raised so high that both he and his friend the chemist acquired good fortunes.

My relative laughed heartily at these anecdotes; but when I put into his hand the bill of a “*Mr. and Mrs. W*****, water casters, from London,*” which was widely circulated in our part of the country, and in which the names of the diseases they professed to cure, were nearly half wrongly spelled, family pride came to my assistance, as my rich relative swore he would as soon see my name chalked on the walls, like *Doctor Eady's*, as that I should be classed with such a set of ignorant pretenders.

(To be continued.)

ORANGES.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

MR. EDITOR,—The following is a short account of oranges, now a necessary article in our goals:

The first China orange which appeared in Europe, was sent as a present to the old Conde Mellor, then Prime Minister to the King of Portugal; but of the whole case sent to Lisbon, there was only one tree which lived, and became the parent of all the flourishing trees since cultivated by the gardeners. It is supposed that the orange-trees at Beddington, in Surrey (which were introduced from Italy by Sir Francis Carew), were the first that were brought to England. They were planted in the open ground, under a moveable covert, during the winter months, and had been growing there more than a hundred years—i. e. before 1595. These trees all perished in the great frost of 1739-40. It has also been supposed to be a native of the Hesperides, or Canary Islands, and its fruit to be the golden apples which the daughters of the Hesperus caused to be strictly guarded by a dragon. The smell of the orange flower is exquisite. Du Tour is quite eloquent in its praise. He says, “the scent of the orange-flower is regarded as a standard of perfection in its kind.

It has not, like that of many flowers, a deceitful sweetness, which pleases only to injure. It is not faint, like the scent of the jasmine or reseda; it does not weaken the nerves, but rather strengthens them; it is a salutary odour, which refreshes the senses and enlivens the brain. In fine, it has no rival, and is as salutary as it is delicious." This description is quite *a-la-mode Française*. These flowers are much used in perfumes and scented waters. I think Thicknesse, in his travels through Spain and Portugal, mentions a tree which produced in one year 16,000. And as the poet says,

Know'st thou the land, where citrons
scent the gale,

Where glows the orange in the golden
vale,

Where softer breezes fan the azure
skies,

Where myrtles spring, and prouder lau-
rels rise.

P. T. W.

ANECDOTE OF SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—Having in a late number of the Mirror seen a few lines titled "Cautions in Cases of Extreme Cold," I have been induced to send you an anecdote, which will further illustrate the absolute necessity of exercise during the exposure of the body to extreme cold. Dr. Solander, Sir Joseph Banks, and others, during their botanical excursion on the heights of Terra del Fuego, were exposed to extreme cold. Dr. Solander, who had more than once crossed the mountains which divide Sweden and Norway, well knew that extreme cold produces a torpor and sleepiness almost irresistible; he therefore conjured the company to keep always in motion, whatever pain it might cost them, and by whatever relief they might be promised by an inclination to sleep. "Whoever sits down will sleep," says he, "and whoever sleeps, will wake no more." Thus at once admonished and alarmed, they set forward; but while they were still upon the naked rock, and before they had got among the bushes, the cold was so intense as to produce the effects which had been most dreaded. Dr. Solander was the first who found the inclination, against which he had warned others, irresistible, and insisted upon being suffered to lay down. Mr. Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph Banks) entreated and remonstrated in vain, Down he lay upon

the ground, which was covered with snow; it was with difficulty that his friend could keep him from sleeping. One of his black servants began to linger, having suffered from the cold in the same manner as the Doctor. Partly by persuasion, and partly by force, the party made them go forward. Soon, however, they declared "they would go no farther." Mr. Banks had recourse again to entreaty and expostulation; but these produced no effect: when the black was told that if he did not go on he would shortly be frozen to death, he answered, "that he desired nothing so much as to lie down and die." The Doctor did not explicitly renounce his life; he said he would go on, but that he must first take some "sleep," though he had before told the company "to sleep was to perish." They both shortly fell into a profound sleep; and after five minutes, Sir Joseph Banks happily succeeded in waking Dr. Solander, who had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the muscles were so shrunk, that his shoes fell from his feet; but every attempt to relieve the unfortunate black proved unsuccessful.

Shadwell.

J. Y.

ANECDOTES OF ABSTINENCE AND GLUTTONY.

(For the Mirror.)

Abstinence.—Among the Jews various kinds of abstinence were ordained by law, and many of the primitive Christians denied themselves the use of such meats as were prohibited by that law, though others looked upon this abstinence with contempt. The council of Jerusalem which was held by the Apostles, enjoined the Christian converts to abstain from meats strangled, and from blood.

Abstinence is, however, more particularly used for a spare diet, or a slender parsimonious use of food below the ordinary standard of nature, and the ancients give numerous testimonials in its favour. Pliny says, a person may live seven days without any food whatever; and that many people have continued more than eleven days without either food or drink. Petrus de Albano says, there was in his time in Normandy, a woman thirty years of age, who had lived without food for eighteen years. Alexander Benedictus mentions a person at Venice, who lived for six days without food. Jubertus relates, that a woman lived in good health three years without either food or drink; and

that he saw another who had lived to her tenth year, without food or drink; and that, when she arrived at a proper age, she was married, and lived like other people in respect to diet, and had children. Clausius mentions, that some of the more rigid Bannians in India abstain from food, frequently, for twenty days together. Albertus Krantzius says, that a hermit in the mountains in the cañon of Schwitz lived twenty years without food. Guaguinus says, that Louis the Pious, Emperor of France, who died in 840, existed the last forty days of his life without either food or drink. Citois gives the history of a girl at Confoulens, in Poitou, who lived three years without food. Albertus Magnus says, he saw a woman at Cologno, who often lived twenty and sometimes thirty days without food; and that he saw a hypochondriacal man, who lived without food for seven weeks, drinking only a draught of water every other day. Hildanus relates the case of a girl who lived many years without food or drink. Sylvius says, there was a young woman in Spain, aged twenty-two years, who never ate any food, but lived entirely on water; and that there was a girl in Narbonne, and another in Germany, who lived three years in good health, without any kind of food or drink. It is said, that Democritus lived to the age of 109 years, and that, in the latter part of his life, he subsisted almost entirely, for forty days at one time, (according to some writers) on smelling honey and bread.

Gluttony.—When a man (or rather a monster of nature) was presented to King James I. that could eat a whole sheep at a single meal, the king inquired "What he could do more than another man?" he answered that "he could not do so much;" "hang him then," said the monarch, "for it is unfit a man should live that eats as much as twenty men, and cannot do so much as one." Indeed, an habitual glutton ought to be punished for endeavouring to create a famine in the places where he lives. A few examples of gluttony may however amuse our readers.

The Emperor Claudius Albinus would devour more than a bushel of apples at once; he would eat 500 figs to his breakfast, 100 peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds of grapes, 100 great snappers, and 400 oysters. After such a bill of fare, well might Lipsius, who relates the anecdote, say, "Fye upon him; God keep such a curse from the earth."

Hardicanute, one of our Danish kings, was so great a glutton, that one of his historians calls him "Swine's-mouth." His tables were covered four times a day with the most costly viands that the air, sea, or land, could furnish. His gluttony killed him, for he fell down dead at a wedding banquet at Lambeth, and with him expired the Danish sway in England. The death of Hardicanute was so welcome to his subjects, that they celebrated the day with sports and pastimes, called *hock-tide*, which signifies scorn and contempt.

It is related of one Phagan, who lived under the reign of Aurelianus, that at one meal he would eat a whole boar, 100 loaves of bread, a sheep, a pig, and above three gallons of wine.

Fuller, in his "Worthies," states that one Nicholas Wood, of Harrison, in Kent, eat a whole sheep of 16s. price; at one meal, raw; at another time, 30 dozen of pigeons. At Sir W. Sidney's, in the same county, he eat as much victuals as would have served thirty men. At Lord Wotton's mansion-house, in Kent, he devoured at one dinner 84 rabbits which by computation at half a rabbit each man, would have served 168 men. He once eat to his breakfast 18 yards of black-pudding. Nay, Fuller even asserts, that he devoured a whole hog at one sitting, with three pecks of damsons!

A counsellor at law, in the reign of Charles I. of the name of Mallet, eat at one time an ordinary provided in Westminster for thirty men, at a shilling each, which at that time was sufficient to procure an excellent dinner. His practice being insufficient to supply him with good meat, he fed generally on offals, ox-livers, hearts, &c. He lived to almost sixty years of age, and for the last seven years eat as moderately as other men.

An excellent appetite and great capacity of stomach are hereditary qualities with the present reigning family of France, for the Duchess of Orleans states, that Louis XIV. his brother, the Dauphin, and the Duke of Berri were most extraordinary eaters. She has often seen the Grand Monarque devour at one sitting, four plates of different kinds of soup, an entire pheasant, a partridge, a large plate of salad, roast mutton dressed in gravy and garlick, two solid slices of ham, a plate of pastry, and after that a *quantum suff.* of fruit and confitures. The king and his brother were passionately fond of hard eggs.

While on the subject of gluttony, which is frequently as much a disease as a passion, we shall add a few instances of *bulimy*, or an insatiable and perpetual desire of eating, which has been furnished us by our kind and intelligent correspondent, P. T. W.

There was a Polish soldier named Charles Domery, in the service of the French, on board of the *Hocche* frigate, which was captured by the squadron under the command of Sir J. Borlase Warren, off Ireland, in 1799. He was 21 years of age, and stated that his father and brothers had been remarkable for their voracious appetites. His began when he was 13 years of age.—He would devour raw and even live cats, rats, and dogs, besides bullock's liver, tallow-candles, and the entrails of animals. One day (*viz.* September 17th, 1799), an experiment was made of how much this man could eat in one day. This experiment was made in the presence of Dr. Johnson, a commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child, and Mr. Foster, agents for prisoners at Liverpool, and several other gentlemen. He had breakfasted at four o'clock in the morning on 4lbs. of raw cow's udder; at half past nine o'clock, there were set before him 5lbs. of raw beef, and 12 tallow candles of 1lb. weight, together with 1 bottle of porter; these he finished by half past ten o'clock. At one o'clock there were put before him 5lbs. more of beef, 1 lb. of candles, and 3 bottles of porter. He was then locked up in the room, and sentries were placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and great part of the beef. At a quarter past six he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have ate more; but the prisoners on the outside having told him that experiments were making upon him, he began to be alarmed. Moreover, the day was hot, and he had not had his usual exercise in the yard. The whole of what he consumed in the course of one day amounted to

Raw cow's udder.....	4lbs.
Raw beef	10
Candles	3

—16

Besides five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which this man attacked his beef when his stomach was not gorged, resembled the voracity of a hungry wolf; he would tear off large pieces with his teeth, roll them about his mouth, and then gulp them down. When his throat became dry from con-

tinued exercise, he would lubricate it by stripping the grease off a candle between his teeth; and then, wrapping up the wick like a ball, would send it after the other part at a swallow. He could make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes or turnips, but by choice would never taste bread or vegetables. He was in every respect healthy, 6 feet 8 inches high, of a pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made, but thin; his countenance rather pleasant, and he was good tempered. His perspirations were profuse, to which Dr. Johnson and the other medical gentlemen have ascribed the rapid dissipation of the ingesta, and his incessant craving for fresh supplies of food. In 1700 there lived at Stanton, near Bury, a labouring man of middle age, who for many days together had such an inordinate appetite, that he would eat up an ordinary leg of veal, roasted, at a meal. He would eat sow thistles, and various other herbs, as greedily as cattle are wont to do; and all he could get was scarcely enough to satisfy his hunger.—There was likewise a boy of the age of twelve years, at Barnesley, in Yorkshire, who was so ravenous that he would gnaw the very flesh off his own bones. When awake he was constantly devouring. In the space of six days he devoured 384lbs. of liquid and solid food.

BONFIRES.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Mr. Bagford, in his letter to the antiquarian, T. Hearne (*vide* Leland's Collection, I. p. lxxvi.) says, bonfires were so called because they were made of bones: and Bourne, in his *Antiq.* Vulg. p. 215, seems of the same opinion. There appears to be, however, some doubts of these gentlemen's conclusion: for Stow, in his *Survey of London*, says, "these were called bonfires, as well of good amity among neighbours, that being before at controversy, they were then reconciled, and made of bitter enemies, loving friends." It is therefore rational to suppose, they were called bonfires, after the French word *bon*; and when it is known, the people used also to have them in crowded cities, to cleanse the air from infection, there can be no doubt they esteemed them as fires productive of good, or good fires. Stow also says, they were made of *wood*, which circumstance makes it the more improbable they should be called bonfires "because they were made of bones." Doubtless the idea originated from the burning offerings of our primitive parents.

G. S.

Fairy Castles.



The various phenomena exhibited by nature present nothing more curious and extraordinary than those which are caused by the reflection and refraction of light from fogs and vapours arising from the sea, lakes, and morasses, replete with marine and vegetable salts. These vapours, by means of the said salts, form various polished surfaces, which reflect and refract the light of the sun, and even the moon, in various directions, by which they not only distort, but multiply the images of objects represented to them in a most surprising manner. They not only form images of castles, palaces, and other buildings, in various styles of architecture, but also the most beautiful landscapes, spacious woods, groves, orchards, companies of men and women, herds of cattle, &c. &c. these are all painted with such an admirable mixture of light and shade, that it is impossible to form an adequate conception of the picture without seeing it. The best scenery exhibited by the *camera obscura* is not more beautiful, or a more faithful representation of nature.

Though these curious and beautiful phenomena are not peculiar to any age or country, they are more frequently seen on the sea coasts; and though in some respects common in such situations, they have hitherto been so little noticed by the intelligent part of mankind as to be scarcely known to exist. Those which have most attracted attention have been seen in the summer season on the southern coasts of Italy,

near the ancient city of Rhegium, called by the fishermen and peasants in their native tongue *fata morgana*, or *dama fata morgana*. They are, however, frequently noticed by the English, Erse, and Irish peasants, fishermen, and mariners; and denominated by the two latter sea fairies and fairy castles. The Erse fishermen, among the western isles of Scotland, frequently see represented on barren heaths and naked rocks, beautiful fields, woods, and castles, with numerous flocks and herds grazing, and multitudes of people of both sexes in various attitudes and occupations. These, as they know no such objects really exist, they constantly attribute to enchantment, or the fairies. They are also frequently seen on the coasts of Norway, Ireland, and Greenland. On the eastern and western coasts of South America, even on the highest summit of the Andes, the *fata morgana* are met with. Also far out at sea, in the midst of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the adventurous mariner sometimes observes them; and though well known under the name of *fog banks*, yet has their appearance been so imposing as to elude the nicest scrutiny, and to promise refreshments to the fatigued and sea-worn mariner which he could not obtain. The most ancient account of these aerial castles and islands which has been transmitted to us, is the representation of a beautiful island situated nearly in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, between the coasts of Ireland and Newfoundland, first observed by some Danish and Irish fishermen

about the year 900, and from that period to the commencement of the 14th century frequently by the Anglo-Saxon, English, and French fishermen and mariners.

But, as this island could never be approached, it was called the *enchanted island*, and supposed by the maritime inhabitants of Scotland, Ireland, France, and Spain, to be the country of departed spirits, and consequently denominated in Erse *Flath Innis*, or the Noble Island; in Irish *Hy Brasil*, or the Country of Spirits; by the Anglo-Saxons, *Icoekane*, or the Country in the Waves; and by the French and Spaniards, who supposed it to consist of two distinct islands, *Brasil* and *Ass-manda*, or the Islands of Ghosts. And so much persuaded were geographers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of their real existence, that they have place in all or most of the maps of the Atlantic in those periods. Even so late as about the year 1750, an English ship, returning from Newfoundland, near lat. 50° north discovered an island not heretofore known, which not only appeared fertile, but covered with verdant fields and shady woods, among which cattle were seen to graze; and only the appearance of a violent surge hindered the captain and crew from landing, according to their desire. So well convinced, however, were they of its real existence, that, on arriving at London, ships were ordered out to complete the discovery; but no island could be found, nor has any land been discovered in that track from that time to the present. Commodore Byron, in his Voyage round the World, mentions a fog bank in a high southern latitude, which appeared like an island, with capes and mountains, deceiving the most experienced seamen on board for some time.

From these evidences of the frequent appearance of the *fata morgana*, we shall proceed to describe one seen near the town of Youghal, in the county of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1796, according to the view given in our engraving, drawn on the spot by a young lady, one among a number of spectators. This was seen on the 21st of October, 1796, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the sun clear: it appeared on a hill, on the county of Waterford side of the river, and seemed a walled town with a round tower, and a church with a spire; the houses perfect, and the windows distinct. Behind the houses appeared the mast of a ship, and in the front a single

tree, near which was a cow grazing; whilst the Waterford hills appeared distinctly behind. In the space of about half an hour the spire and round tower became covered with domes, and the octagonal building, or rather round tower, became a broken turret. Soon after this change, all the houses became ruins, and their fragments seemed scattered in the field near the walls; in about an hour it disappeared, and the hill on which it stood sunk to the level of the real field.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BOW-FAIR.

"Bring me the bow-string."
Emperor of all the Turks.

The *Bow-bell* tolls the knell of Bow-fair fun,

And *Richardson* winds slowly out of town;

Poor old "young *Saunders*" sees his setting son,—

And *Gyngell* pulls his red tom-taw-drey down.

Now three cart-horses draw the *Caravan*,

O'er smooth *Mac Adams*, to provincial fairs;

And pining Showmen, with companions wan,

Make dreary humour, while the hawk-buck stares!

No more shall cockneys don their Sunday coats,

Stepney, Brook-green, or brighter Bow to fill;

No folk shall row to Greenwich hill in boats,

And roll in couples adown One Tree Hill!

Girls shall no longer dance in gingham gowns,

Nor monkeys sit on organs at the door;

Gongs shall be turn'd to frying pans; and Clowns

Take to the country, and be clowns no more!

No *Learn'd-pig*, no veal, no mutton pie,—

No heads be crack'd, no under garments won,—

No giants twelve, no Dwarfs just three-feet high—

No calves with two heads, shown to calves with one!

At *Scouton's* dire destruction will be seen!

The trumpet will give up its tragic truths!

The magistrate, desiring to be *Keen*,
Will put an end, as usual, to the *Booths*.

No lucky bags, no drums, no three-hand reels,

No cocks in breeches, no tobacco-sots!

No more shall Wapping learn to dance quadrilles,

Or shake a hornpipe 'mid the pewter-pots!

No more the Fairing shall the fair allure,

For Fairs no more the fairing may expose:

In pleasure-lovers, work shall work a cure!

And Sundays only show the Sunday clothes!

The magistrates decree that "fair is foul,"

And put a stop to profitable sport;

They exercise the Lion's shilling howl,
And cut the Irish giant's income short.

No more the backy box, in dark japan,
Shakes on the stick, and lures the rabble rout;

No more the lemon, balanced by the man,
Flies at the touch and flings its toys about!

Take warning then, ye fair! from this fair's fall!

One act (the Vagrant Act) hath been its ruin!

Listen, oh listen, to *Law's serious call*,

For fun and pleasure lead but to undoing!

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

NO. VIII.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH OF BOUFFLERS.

A gascon once, an honest wag, you'll hear,

About to leave his inn for God knows where,

Although his money did not incommode him,

Begg'd of his host the small account he ow'd him;

Not that he ever dreamt to pay a sous,
But thought it decent just to have it, too.

The landlord, at this sweetest of requests,

Obe'y'd him, as he always did his guests.

Our hero, reading it in silence, thought
The bill was long, and knew his purse was short.

Meantime his host, who studied to divert him,

Talk'd much of rats, and how their ravage hurt him;

And ask'd his guest if haply he might know of

A poison that would chase his deadly foe off.

"Yes," said the gascon, coolly,
"there is one,

Which take my word for't, host, will make 'em run;

Nay, may destroy 'em too, if fright can kill:—

When next they come, present 'em with this bill!"

THE CONVENT OF ST. BERTRAND.

OR, THE APOSTATE NUN.

Who is she, with wild, dishevell'd hair,
With fault-ring step and mournful air,

And brow of saddest thought?
She breathes no sigh—she sheds no tear—

And yet that beauteous bosom bare
With direst grief is fraught.

St. Bertrand's walls the vow had heard
Ere evening's vesper bells had rung,

And now St. Bertrand's shrine rever'd
Shall hear her fun'ral anthem sung

At midnight's dreary hour.

For she who did her vow forsake,
And dares her cloister cell to fly,

Who dared the holy missal break,
The apostate wretch is doom'd to die

Beneath St. Bertrand's tower.

What gallant youth from Madrid's plains

Rides gaily round the Convent bower,
'Tis he whom maiden ne'er disdains—

But, ah! he comes in evil hour
That lady bright to woo—

Too soon she hears the syren knight
With whispers soft and bridal vow,

With him to fly ere morning's light—
And she, fair maid, hath brav'd it now,

What long her love shall rue.

Deep toll'd the bell the midnight chime;
The maiden, from her turret high,

With beating heart hath marked the time

That warns her with her love to fly—
And now she must be gone.

But oh ! that hour has sealed her doom,
 For treach'ry marked her as its prey,
 And now she falls in life's best bloom
 Yet she who basely did betray
 Shall live to wish she'd ne'er been
 born.

It need'st be told what now must be,
 That maiden's hopeless destiny
 Which bears her to a dungeon deep,
 In lingering misery there to weep,
 Where none may hear her last sad sigh,
 In dark and noisome cell to lie,
 Remote from all of earthly bliss
 The apostate nun must die !

The Rebelist.

No. XXV.

THE FALL OF USBEK.

The hand of munificence had poured upon the head of Usbek all the blessings which this world can bestow. Abbas, the mighty sovereign of the East, before whose throne the world pays homage, had made him governor of a region beauteous as Paradise, and fertile above all others. Nothing was wanting to complete his felicity but the inward serenity of conscious virtue—the soft whispers of the angel of peace. Usbek, therefore, amidst the glare of magnificence and pomp of power, was a prey to the violence of ungovernable passions. The glittering pinnacles of ambition dazzled the eyes of his frailty; he viewed the summit with exultation, and thirsted with insatiable desire of arbitrary sway. The power of subduing temptation became less in proportion as he viewed the prospect of success, till at length he resolved, by whatever means, to gratify his criminal propensity. Impelled by some evil genius, he raised the hand of rebellion against the life of that sovereign who had exalted him to dignity and honour, and seated himself on the throne of his power. The soul of Usbek was now flattered by the adulation of the object; the proud were humbled in the dust before him, and the sovereigns of mighty kingdoms paid homage at his feet. The arrow of affliction had not yet wounded his bosom, and he exulted in the grandeur which surrounded him: but short are the triumphs of iniquity; they pass away like the shaft that fleeth in the dark, and are seen no more. The transitory gratification of despotic power became familiar by habit, and the former perturbation of his mind returned.

He was sitting alone in one of the apartments of his seraglio, and arraign-

ed the justice of Providence as envying him the happiness he so eagerly sought. The past afforded no consolation; the present was without enjoyment; and the future without hope. Such was the situation of Usbek, when one of his slaves, with all the marks of frenzy and despair, rushed into the apartment, and exclaimed, "Pardon, mighty Sultan of the East, the liberty of thy slave: thy favourite Roxana."—"Presumptuous wretch!" cried Usbek, in all the bitterness of anger, "who thus unbidden durst"—He could say no more; rage stopt his utterance; when stamping with his foot on the ground, the ministers of his will appeared before him. "Drag hence," said he, "that victim of my displeasure, and let him suffer the punishment due to his temerity." They had no sooner obeyed his mandate, than sudden darkness surrounded him, and an awful voice thundered from the cloud that caused it, "Usbek, hitherto thou hast lived for thyself alone! Thou hast sacrificed the Sultan thy master to the insatiable lust of power, and now thou condemnest thy servant without cause. But know, that the decrees of heaven are not to be infringed to gratify the caprice of a tyrant; and that the weakness of mortality must necessarily be crushed when it stands in opposition to the arm of Omnipotence. Thou hast broken through the order of Nature by aspiring to that throne which was designed for another; that throne, therefore, which thou hast unjustly usurped, has proved the source of perpetual disappointment. It is still in thy power to repent; profit by the precious opportunity, and beware lest that Being, who by a single beam of his effulgence irradiates the universe, involve thee in that abyss of misery where thy torments shall increase to all eternity, and aggravated horrors reduce thee to endless despair!"

As soon as the first emotions of terror and astonishment had subsided, Usbek, struck with sudden remorse, rushed forth in order to prevent the execution of his command. But it was too late; the vital spark, which no violence can extinguish, had flown for ever. The Sultan therefore returned to his apartment in gloomy disappointment; and, throwing himself on a sofa, again mused on the wretchedness of his condition. "What then," exclaimed he, "availeth the power of Usbek, if he may not, without reproach, sacrifice the slave

who has offended him?" Unable to support the thought, he arose in haste, and entered the apartment of Roxana, in order to drown the recollection of his misery in the society of his favourite Sultana. He had paid no attention to the last word of the slave whom he had sacrificed to his resentment. He therefore now expected to gratify a passion which he had long restrained. A gleam of hope played around his breast as he entered the apartment; but what were the transports of his rage when he found it deserted! He called the attendants of Roxana with a voice of thunder: they instantly obeyed the summons; and in tears deprecated his wrath, affirming that they knew not what was become of their mistress. Usbek uttered the most horrid imprecations, and threatened to sacrifice them without delay if they did not instantly inform him by what means she had escaped. As they were really ignorant of her flight, their answers were unsatisfactory; and Usbek was about to put his menaces in execution, when he was prevented by a tumult from without, which suspended the effects of his anger. Upon inquiring the cause, he was informed by Ozim, the vizier, who in vain had sought him in all the apartments of the seraglio, that one of the governors of his provinces had secretly stirred up the people to revolt, and at that moment was attempting to force the gates of the palace. The rage of Usbek was now redoubled, his eyes sparkled with fury, his limbs trembled, and he rushed forward to the gate in all the frenzy of despair. He was scarcely prevented by Ozim from attempting to revenge with his single arm the disobedience of his subjects. In the agony of his mind he flew to one of the windows of the palace, on that side where the multitude were assembled, and demanded, in incoherent expressions, the reason of the mutiny. The rebels were struck dumb at the sight of their monarch, and let fall their weapons. But the usurper now beheld his rival encouraging them to proceed, and resume their arms. Unable to endure perfidy in another who was only adopting those measures which had enthroned their guilty Usbek, he once more rushed towards the gate, and commanded it to be opened. He was obeyed, and instantly laid two of the conspirators dead at his feet. But now sudden darkness obscured the sun, the air thundered, and a voice

thus issued from the bursting clouds: "Hear all ye nations the decrees of the Most High! know your weakness and adore in silence that Power who governs all things by his will. Shall mortality prescribe laws to Omnipotence? Shall the reptile of the dust aspire to the government of the universe? Shall the children of infirmity ascend the heights of ambition; and shall they not feel the storm that rages at the summit? Shall man aspire to rule without control? and shall he escape the vengeance due to his rashness and folly? Though heaven protect the innocent from wrong, and reward the fidelity of the virtuous, shall he gratify the arrogance of impiety and presumption? Know then, that vice and usurpation are no longer permitted to exist, when they become ineffectual to forward the designs of Providence. Listen to the admonitions of superior wisdom, and wait the event without murmur or complaint." Whilst the genius thus spake, the attention of the multitude was suspended in silence, like the calm ocean after the violence of a storm. When he had ended the clouds dispersed, and the glorious orb of day shone forth in all the majesty of light. Usbek and the rebel chief now appeared lifeless on the ground, stabbed by an unknown hand. The multitude were proceeding to treat with ignominy the corpse of him whose very shadow made them tremble when alive, but another object demanded their attention.

A stranger appeared in a chariot at a distance, and Roxana by his side. They approached; and the stranger rising from his seat, thus gratified the curiosity of the crowd: "That Being who animates all nature with his presence, let all the nations of the world adore! Ye behold before you Aluzar, the descendant of the mighty Abbas, at the foot of whose throne the kingdoms of the East paid homage. When the angel of death visited my father, by the hand of Usbek, I fled from the violence of the usurper, and concealed myself in impenetrable solitudes. There, the disciple of meditation, I gave myself up to the duties of devotion, and learned to estimate this life by the hope of immortality. One morning, ere the sun had exhaled the dews of heaven, as I walked out to gather the scanty provision which the desert affords, I perceived the prints of human feet upon the grass. I had not proceeded far before I beheld the

beauteous Roxana, whom my father had destined as the consort of my bed. By her I was informed that she had been preserved by a superior power from violence; that he had transported her to that desert, and bade her wait with resignation the disposal of heaven. The same friendly power has punished the usurper, and led us hither to claim the throne of our ancestors." The son of Abbas was going to proceed in his narrative, but was interrupted by reiterated shouts of wonder and applause, and he was proclaimed sovereign of the East by the united voice of the multitude.

Miscellanies.

BONAPARTE'S PATRIMONIAL HOUSE.

In No. XXVI. of the MIRROR we gave, along with several other embellishments, a view of the house in which Napoleon was born; and we now add from the 5th part of Las Cases' Journal, published on Monday, some further particulars respecting it. "The patrimonial house of Napoleon, his cradle," says Las Cases, "at present actually in the possession of M. Romalino, member of the Chamber of Deputies, has remained, as it may be thought, an object of eager curiosity and great veneration to travellers and military men. I am assured by eye witnesses that on the arrival of every regiment in Corsica, it becomes the object of a spectacle constantly renewed. The soldiers instantly run to it in crowds, and obtain admission with a certain degree of authority. It might be said that they believe themselves entitled to it as a right. Once admitted, every one conducts himself according to the warmth of his feeling; one raises his hands to heaven as he looks about him, another falls on his knees, a third kisses the floor, and a fourth bursts into tears. There are some who seem to be seized by a fit of insanity. Something similar is said of the tomb of the Great Frederic. Such is the influence of heroes."

FAITH.

It is a glorious thing, when all is said,
To give one's soul up to some large
 belief,
For me I would much rather be a
 leaf—
Frail traveller with the winds, and by
 them led
To those dim summits where the clouds
 are bred—

Than scorn *all* creeds; or on the
 wild sea foam
Be driven, a weed, from home to
 unknown home;
Or like some gentle river fountain-fed
Lapsing away, and lost. These
 things in mirth
Live, though they know not whence
 they come or go:
I, with more knowledge, but less wis-
 dom, flow
 A melancholy sound—yet from dull
 earth
Borne on the wings of angels, or bright
 dreams,
Sometimes, from perilous thoughts,
 Heaven-convincing themes.

B.

HOGARTH'S TAIL-PIECE.

A few months before that ingenious artist, Hogarth, was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the tail-piece. The first idea of this is said to have been started in company at his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things"—"if that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so," answered Hogarth, sighing heartily; "and, therefore, the sooner the better." Accordingly he begun the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension, as the report goes, he should not live till he had completed it; this, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things, a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump; the but-end of an old firelock, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, a crown tumbled in pieces, towers in ruins, the sign post of a tavern called the World's End tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked; Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out; a play book opened, with *excunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. "So far so good," said Mr. Hogarth, "nothing remains, but:" taking his pencil in a

F f 3

sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a printer's pallet broken, "Finis," exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done, all is over." It is a very remarkable and well known fact, that he never again took the pallet in his hand: it is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died about a year after he had finished this extraordinary Tail-piece.

CHINESE SHEET LEAD.

The following is the account of the Chinese method of making thin sheets of lead:

The operation is carried on by two men; one is seated on the floor with a large flat stone before him, and with a moveable flat stone stand at his side.—His fellow-workman stands beside him with a crucible filled with melted lead, and having poured a certain quantity upon the stone, the other lifts the moveable stone, and dashing it on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured in a similar manner, and a similar plate formed, the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The rough edges of the plates are then cut off, and they are soldered together for use.

ON ECHOS.

Daughter of air and tongue
Which the last of dying speech retorts
Whilst she with other's language sports.

An echo is a reflected sound: the ancient philosophers were unacquainted with the true nature of the echo. The poets supposed it to have been once a nymph, who pined into a sound, for love of Narcissus. But the modern state of philosophy has established it upon unerring principles. According to the various distances from the speaker, a reflecting object will return the echo of several; or of a few syllables, for all the syllables must be uttered before the echo of the first syllable reaches the ear, otherwise it will make a confusion. In a moderate way of speaking, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ syllables are pronounced in one second, or seven syllables in two seconds. From the computations of a short-hand writer, it appears, that a ready and rapid orator, in the English language, pronounces from 7,000 to 7,500 words in an hour; viz. about 120 words in a minute, or two words in each second. Therefore, when an echo repeats seven syllables, the reflecting

object is 1,142 feet distant; for since sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second, the distance from the speaker to the reflecting object, and again from the latter to the former, is twice 1,142 feet. When the echo returns 14 syllables, the reflecting object must be 2,284 feet distant, and so on. A famous echo is said to be in Woodstock Park, Oxford. It repeats 17 syllables in the day time, and 20 at night, when the air, being somewhat denser, the sound does not travel quite so fast. There is likewise a remarkable echo on the north side of Shepley Church, in Sussex, which will repeat distinctly 21 syllables. At Rosneath, near Glasgow, there is an echo that repeats a tune played with a trumpet three times completely and distinctly. At the Sepulchre of Metella, wife of Crassus, there was an echo which repeated a sentence five times. Addison speaks of an echo in Italy, near Milan, that returns the sound of a pistol 56 times, even though the air be very foggy. Lord Bacon says, that French echos may be oddly construed. He mentions an instance of the repetitions of the voice on the ruined church of Pont Charenton, on the Seine; and here that intelligent scholar discussed the inability of an echo, to return the letter S, for having pronounced the word Satan, the echo replied *Va't'en*, which signifies "go away," from which circumstance the Parisians concluded, that some guardian spirit prevented the walls of the sacred edifice from pronouncing the word Satan.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

CLOCKS.—Clock-makers were first introduced into England in 1368, when Edward III. granted a license for three artists to come over from Delft, in Holland, and practice their occupation in this country.—The oldest English clock of note is in the turret of the Royal Palace, Hampton, constructed in the year 1540, which was in the reign of Henry VIII., by a maker whose initials are N. O. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, clocks were denominated *orloges*, or *horloges*.

Descartes used to say, that when he received an injury, he seated himself so high above it, that it could not reach him.

EPIGRAM, IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.
 Tom engages a poet of famous renown,
 Some verses to write—which he shows
 as his own;
 Go on, Master Tom, nor mind what
 the world says,
 That is surely his own for which a man
 pays.

LORD MANSFIELD.—This great man
 was never ashamed of publicly recant-
 ing any wrong opinion he might have
 adopted or made known, and he used to
 say that to acknowledge you were yes-
 terday wrong was but to let the world
 know that you were wiser to-day than
 yesterday.

EPITAPH ON A VIOLENT SCOLD.
 My spouse and I full many a year,
 Liv'd man and wife together;
 I could no longer keep her here,
 She's gone—the Lord knows whither.
 Of tongue she was exceeding free,
 I purpose not to flatter;
 Of all the wives I e'er did see,
 None sure like her could chatter.

Her body is disposed of well,
 A comely grave doth hide her;
 I'm sure her soul is not in hell,
 For old nick could never abide her.
 Which makes me guess she's gone
 aloft,
 For in the last great thunder,
 Methought I heard her well-known
 voice
Rending the skies asunder.

ROUNDOUT EVIDENCE.—Mother
 Hopkins told me, that she heard
 Green's wife say, that John Glarrie's
 wife told her, that granny Hopkins
 heard the widow Basham say, that
 Captain Weed's wife thought Colonel
 Hodkin's wife believed that old Miss
 Lamb reckoned that Samuel Dunham's
 wife had told Spalding's wife that she
 heard John Frinks say, that her mother
 told her, Old Miss Jenks heard Granny
 Cook say, that it was a matter of fact!!!
—American Paper.

EPIGRAM.
 Pray, is it owing to the weather
 That U and I can't dine together?
 Why no—the reason is, d'y'e see,
 U cannot come till after T.

EPIGRAM.
 "My wife's so very bad," says Will,
 "I fear she ne'er can hold it;
 She keeps her bed!"—"Mine's worse,"
 quoth Phil,
 "The jade has just now sold it."

Written by Ralph Tyne, vicar of
 Kendal, Westmoreland, who died 1687,
 and inscribed on his tomb by his friends.

London bred me, Westminster fed me,
 Cambridge sped me, my sister wed
 me,*
 Study taught me, living sought me,
 Learning brought me, Kendal caught
 me,
 Labour prest me, sickness distrest me,
 Death oppress me, the grave possest
 me,
 God first gave me, Christ did save me,
 Earth did crave me, and Heaven would
 have me.

* Meaning at the instigation of his
 sister.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bardulus, and several other Corres-
 pondents, shall have a place in our
 next.

Advertisement.

Just Published, Second Edition, price Six
 pence,

A TREATISE on the Virtues and
 Efficacy of the Saliva, or FASTING SPIT-
 TLE, when conveyed into the Intestines by
 Eating a CRUST OF BREAD early of a
 Morning fasting; in relieving the Scurvy, Gout,
 Stone, Rheumatism, &c. arising from Obstruc-
 tions: also, on the Cures accomplished by the
 Fasting Spittle being externally applied to re-
 cent Cuts, Pains, Sore Eyes, Corns, Werts, &c.

By A PHYSICIAN.

Sold by SKEETON, 15, Arcade, Pall Mall,
 adjoining the Haymarket, and all Booksellers.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In a few days will be published, in 4to. price 1s.

A CRITICAL CATALOGUE of
 all Works of Merit in the Exhibition, with a
 Pindaric Address to the R.A.'s. by CHARLES
 M. WESTMACOTT.

Published by John Fairbairn, Broadway, Lud-
 gate-hill.

Where may be had, Nos. 1, 2, 3, & 4, price 1s.
 each, of

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BO-
 NAPARTE, late Emperor of the French, &c.
 By W. H. Ireland, Member of the Athenium of
 Sciences and Arts at Paris. Illustrated with
 highly-finished Coloured Quarto Plates of Na-
 poleon's Battles, engraved by Mr. George Cruik-
 shank, from the originals etched at Paris by
 Duplessi Bertaux, being accurate Plans and
 Designs taken on the spot where each Battle
 was fought, by Denon, Vernet, &c. The only
 Work extant, the fidelity of which may be de-
 pended upon, as it was expressly executed by
 command, and under the auspices of the then
 French Government.

Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand,
 (East end of Exeter Change); and sold by all
 Newsmen and Bookellers. Printed by T.
 DOLBY, 299, Strand.